

Pro Wrestling Sushi

#114

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Pro graps news editor to ride Jesse Ventura's coat-tails!

Pro Wrestling Sushi New Service (SNS) has learned that the first thing former pro wrestler-turned-politician Jesse "The Body" Ventura did after learning he had been elected governor of the State of Minnesota, was to place a late night phone call to his all-in-one closest friend, consultant, campaign manager and Pro Wrestling Torch Poopsletter editor Wade Keller of Minneapolis, MN.

Following is the word-for-word transcript of Governor-Elect Jesse "The Body" Ventura's phone call to the Keller residence.

Governor-Elect Body: "Hello, Mom Keller! Get your son on the phone and make it snappy--or I'll do my Gorilla Monsoon impersonation!"

Mom Keller: "Oh, Jesse! I just heard the news! Congrat..."

Governor-Elect Body: "Cut the crap, Mrs. K, and put your no goodnick son on the phone. Noww!"

Mom Keller: "He's asleep, Jesse. Can I have him call you in the morn..?"

Governor-Elect Body: "I feel the Gorilla coming on, Mrs. K. Don't toy with me! Get Wade's butt outta bed and put him on the phone or I'll come over an do wicked things to his obdulongatta!"

Mom Keller: "Wade! Get out of bed! The Body wants a word with you--or you can kiss your obgottalongdula g'bye!"

Wade: "Numpfh. Uh, Body? (Yawn.) Whatsup? (Ummm.) It's rather late..."

Body: "I've been elected governor, W-a-d-e!"

Wade: "Uh-h-h-h, okay. (Yawn.) Cool. (Yawn.) Congrat..."

Body: "Congrats my ass! Wake-up, you little pecker-head! Wake up or I'll come over on my Harley and jerk your longatta outta your skull!"

Wade: "Wha...?"

Body: "Don't give me innocent--you pencil-neck geek!"

Wade: "Jesse, what's wrong? I haven't heard you so fired up since you announced the first Hogan-Warrior match at Wrestlemania!"

Body: "What's wrong? 'What's wrong,' you ask?! Take a guess, Einstein!"

Wade: "You've smelled what The Rock is cook'n in the kitchen when he's not delivering the People's Elbow in the ring?"

Body: "No, you idiot!"

Wade: "It was you--not Val Venis and his big valbowski--who got Goldust's estranged wife and former wrestling manager pregnant?!"

Body: "No, you moron!"

Wade: "Your bald head was mistaken for that of Stone Cold Steve Austin's? And the Three WWF Stooges (Pat Patterson, Gerald Brisco, and Sargent Slaughter) jumped you at the airport?"

Body: "Wrong, again, numbskull!"

Wade: "I've got it! You're the masked Blue Blazer who's been attacking everyone on Raw!"

Body: "No, you miserable pea brain! It's ten times worse than any of that!"

Wade: "Well...what is it, Jesse?"

Body: "I won the election, W-a-d-e! I've been elected governor of Minnesota! I narrowly beat the pants off the other two guys--either one of whom shoulda beaten the tights off me!"

Wade: (Pause...as a light bulb slowly blinks above his head.) "Oh? Oh-h-h-h! Oh, NO!!!!"

Body: "Oh, YES!!! I won, dammit, and now I've gotta serve. My running for governor was just suppose ta be a joke, you said. It was just suppose ta be a gimmick, you advised me. Campaigning for governor was just supposed ta be a work ta boost my drive time radio-show ratings! You said I would never win! You said I'd get a few votes here, a few votes there, some press in the main-stream media, some ink in the underground wrestling newsletters, a few mentions on Mean Gene Okerlund's Hot Line, maybe a guest appearance on Charlie Rose, we'd all have a few laughs, I'd come in last and nobody would get hurt. That's what you said, you little weasel! You were wrong, you son of a..."

Wade: "Calm down, Jesse. I'll think of something."

Body: "You better, you scrawny excuse for a part time political consultant/part time dirt sheet editor! There's no way I can do the job! The last job I did was for the WWF and there's no way I'm

gonna do jobs anymore, especially this one! I'm done jobbing! I'm not gonna serve as governor, dammit!"

Wade: "Wait a minute, Jesse. I've got it. I'll run the State of Minnesota from behind the scenes. Heck, it can't be more difficult than publishing a weekly newsletter, and while I'm running the state, you can do all the press conferences and interviews--you're so good at them!--and we can start building your campaign to really boost your drive time ratings, go national with your radio show (we'll call it 'SHOOTING THE BULL WITH GOVERNOR BODY!'), and you can declare your intentions to run for President of the United States, which, of course, you'll never win, and we'll all have a few laughs, and nobody will get hurt, and if by some dumb luck you win, heck, I'll run the country from behind the scenes (it can't be more difficult than running the State of Minnesota!) while you do all the press conferences and interviews--which you are so darn good at! What do you think, Jesse? What do you think?"

Body: "Take your pick, Wade. I come over and pull your obgattalongdula outta your throat or I yank it out your rectum! Makes no difference to me! Take your pick, pardner!"

Wade: "...and after we win the Presidency, we'll make a move on the WWF, then we'll make a move on WCW/NWO/LWO and the One Warrior Nation, then ECW, then Mexico and Japan, and then the World, Jesse! The entire WORLD! Think of the ratings! Think of the drive time ratings!!!"

Body: "That's it, Wade. I'm coming over! Kiss your odula goodbye!" (To Be Continued...)

'Real' Halloween Havoc for Campbell-by-the-Sea resident!

Dear Parents or Guardians of Jubie Jay Mullins,

Once again, your little savage for a child, Jubie Jay Mullins, has been suspended from Lucretia Mott Elementary School for behavior unbecoming a nine-and-a-half-year-old fourth-grade student.

Specifically, thanks to Jubie Jay's unrelenting inability to separate real-life fact from pro wrestling fantasy, your little Southpark-like pumpkin-seed-gone-bad single-handedly destroyed yet another one of our school's terrific cultural events!!!

I'm speaking of course of this year's annual Halloween Costume Parade and Pumpkin Carving Contest which was held on the playground here at Lucretia Mott during lunch recess.

Unlike other world famous events, like Wrestlemania, Starrcade and Judgment Day (Can't sports entertainment people spell?!), Lucretia Mott Elementary's Costume Parade and Pumpkin Carving Contest is still one of our school's biggest, most glorious functions of the year, a day when we invite a famous BIG NAME media personality to be a contest judge, *like this year's BIG NAME media celebrity Dave Meltzer of the Wrestling Observer Poopsletter from Campbell-by-the-Sea!*

Thanks to what Jubie Jay did to Mr. Meltzer during the Halloween Costume and Pumpkin Carving contests, Mr. Meltzer probably will never return to Lucretia Mott to judge future Halloween activities nor, for that matter, will Mr. Meltzer ever again be able to pee standing up!

To put it bluntly, just because Mr. Meltzer was really into the spirit of our Halloween costume parade--by walking around stiff like Kurgan--and just because Mr. Meltzer wore a cape over his body and stuffed his head inside a large pumpkin (which he wore most of the afternoon), Jubie Jay had no right to dress-up in a sequined cowboy outfit, sneek under Mr. Meltzer's cape and while shouting "Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!" punch Mr. Meltzer in the valvenis, and then start bashing Mr. Meltzer on top of his pumpkin-head with a trick-or-treat bag filled with Slim Jims!!!

Nor should Jubie Jay have grabbed the microphone and begun screaming like Jim Ross, "Mandible claw! Mandible claw from Mr. Socko!" while he tried to gouge out Mr. Meltzer's triangular-shaped pumpkin eyes with a pair of petrified chicken toes which he had hidden inside a stinky old sweatsock!

Nor should Jubie Jay have kicked Mr. Meltzer, again, square in the valbowski, knocking him to the ground, then fly onto Mr. Meltzer's back and spray-paint the word's "Shattered Dreams!" on the rear of Mr. Meltzer's pumpkin head!

But what really fried my administrative credentials, and sickened most of the teachers, parents, and other young children who were trying to have a glorious time at our Fall Classic, was during the highlight of the day's festivities when Mr. Meltzer was judging the pumpkin carving contest, when Jubie Jay, wearing a cheap blond wig with his eyes taped half-shut and his face covered with black boot polish, came running faster than Kevin Nash onto the playground and jumped onto the pumpkin carving table shouting in a voice that sounded like Mike Tenay's, "It's Tommy Rich! It's Atsushi Onita! It's Abdullah the Butcher!" and then...gasp!...with razor blades taped to his fingers, carved a picture of "What the Rock was Cookin'!" onto Mr. Meltzer's pumpkin-forehead!!!

Uggggh! (I say, "Uggggh!" not because "What the Rock was cookin'!" looked so awful, but because your nephew's fingers looked more like Freddy Kruger's fingers than bits'o blue blades!!!)

Gwad, when Jubie gigged the pumpkin on Mr. Meltzer's head, you should have seen all the slimey pumpkin seeds spurting gusher-like from Mr. Meltzer's pumpkin-brow! All that wet, stringy,

messy pumpkin goo splashing all over the place, splattering sticky vegetable gore onto everyone within thirty feet! It was like Family Night at an Ozark Mountain Wrestling show! You should have seen it! All the little Kindergarten children getting sick to their stomachs and throwing up inside their plastic Sycho Sid masks! It was horrible!

Alas, I won't even go into detail about how your nephew started screaming "Because Stone Cold Jubie Jay says so!" and then Irish-Whipped Mr. Meltzer into a wheelchair, laid a pop-gun against Mr. Meltzer's pumpkin head, put a plastic hunting-knife to Mr. Meltzer's already battered and blue valentine, aimed a toy crossbow directly at Mr. Meltzer's checkbook and repeatedly humiliated and tortured Mr. Meltzer by reading (over and over and over again) letters to the Poopsletter editor by "Living Legend" Steve Yohe, "Icon" Eric Bemben, and "MADman" Desmon Devlin! Not to mention that he repeatedly kneed Mr. Meltzer in the valhammer until Mr. Meltzer's entire head turned blue!

So, please, once again, this time during Jubie Jay's latest suspension from school, do not allow him to read professional wrestling newsletters! Do not permit him to watch those unredeeming Monday Night wrestling wars! Forbid him to pick-up the telephone and dial wrestling hotlines featuring anyone named Mean Gene, Wade, or Georgiann! Take him to an exorcist if, when asked who he'd like to be some day when he grows up, he says, with a straight face, "Vince Russo" or "Shane McMahon!"

Ban his little butt from surfing the Internet and landing in one of those chatrooms filled with the type of fans Phil Mushnick wrote about in the New York Post, you know, the kind of wrestling morons James E. Cornette vociferously defended last year--instead of the way he usually berates them and their ancestors--the kind of fans who don't know whether to believe the idiotic wrestling rumors they find on the Internet or, conversely, whether to spend their lunch money on the Wrestling Observer Hotline populated by Degeneration X'ers like "Ironic" Mike Mooneyham, "Gall Stoned" Steve Beverly, "Professah" Bruce Mitchell, Cauliflower "Alley Cat" Makropoulos, "Mancow" Steven Prazak, and that Alvarez "Whatshisname" guy who replaced "Ravishing" Ron Lemieux!

And double-please, whatever you do, think twice before giving Jubie Jay permission to dress up as one of Cactus Jack's sweatsocks and go trick-or-treating next Halloween anywhere near Campbell-by-the-Sea. Personally, I don't think Mr. Meltzer could survive another sadistic assault by that warped-little X-Pac Wannabe nephew of your's, Jubie Jay (or as he likes to be called, "*Mr. Falls Count Anywhere in the Lunchroom!*") Mullins!

Sincerely, Ms. Ida Fartzapon, Principal, Lucretia Mott Elementary School

Mail from the underbelly of the underground

If it's humorous, a bit edged, funny as midgets, or warmer than mother's milk laced with Jack Daniels, it belongs here!

Highlights of letters received from Eric "The Icon" Bemben during Sushi's publishing hiatus

My new quest this fall is to be nominated as the next NWA champion. But I've stumbled into a dilemma in that quest. I need the majority of votes to become champion. Life is so unfair. I figure I can garner a few votes--since I must have a few loyal fans on the NWA board of directors. But that's still not enough votes to get me the majority of votes.

My suggestion is to all my legions of loyal Sushi fans to buy seats on the NWA board. For once all you "marks"...oops...I mean fans can make a difference in the NWA. By getting me the majority of votes to become champion it will force my "hero" Dave to start writing about me and publish more of my letters. In exchange, I will reward anybody who bought a membership in the NWA recognition in establishing their own title. Egos must be fed, not counting my own.

For example, if Jeff Mullins buys a spot on the NWA board, he will be rewarded with the NWA California title. (Note: title belt and actual territory sold separately.) All NWA members can have dates with me. No, not those kind! You know, wrestling dates with me as the champion. The only requirement is my massive ego needs to be massaged, no jobs, full plane fare, hotel accommodations, and a minimum guarantee of \$1,000.

I already have plans of pushing my sons as champions when I retire. I plan go to the NWA 50th Anniversary Convention and spread the wonderful news that my four sons: Eric Jr., Eric II, Hijo Del Eric, and Eric Von Erich will follow my footsteps as champions and sheet-writing icons. I plan on pushing them hard right from the start.

Lately, the only local wrestling show in my area is the long awaited Junk Yard Dog Memorial Show. The flyer looks mighty crappy. It looks like they are advertising JYD to appear at the show instead of honoring him. I guess it might not surprise, nor disappoint, anybody when JYD no shows this card. The advertising has been, ummm, impressive. Three flyers posted on the same pole. This promoter has not drawn more than 100 paid for any of his prior shows. That's why he's booking the same building in which a thousand idiots sit out for hours waiting to get ECW tickets.

Eric The Icon "Bembenville Streetfight Champion" Bemben, Brooklyn, NY

Room #702

Guns? Torture! Knives? Hostage Taking? Death Threats! Abuse of the Physically Handicapped?

All of the above took place late last night on the WWF Pro Wrestling show. Based on comments heard around the campus, many of you students stayed up last night and watched the show. Was this appropriate entertainment for you?

- *What messages did you receive about dealing with adversity if you watched the show?*
- *Was 'Stone Cold' Steve Austin's actions the behavior of a real American hero?*
- *What would be the consequences for you if you behaved the way Austin did at our school?*

Attend the meeting to discuss "The WWF & Our School's Zero Tolerance Program" during lunchtime, today, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1998, in Room #702 with Mr. Mullins

Serious Sushi: Above is an emergency flyer distributed during the mid-morning snack break at the middle school where I teach 7th grade Social Studies. Apparently, the morning after the 10/19 Raw, in which Steve Austin all but sodomized the wheelchair-ridden owner of the WWF, Vince McMahon, a rash of pro wrestling-type incidents began taking place among the young boys (and girls) at our fine school. Also, that day, far more than the usual number of students were wearing their Stone Cold Steve Austin t-shirts and many of them were running around the quad in packs doing DX loin-chops while imploring fellow students to "Suck it!" (Remember the days when we blamed sugar?)

For some odd reason, other adults and administrators at my school often ask me to interpret unusual student behavior like this whenever they suspect it has something to do with pro wrestling. They are, I think, in awe of my knowledge about professional wrestling, which, of course, I owe to a lifelong appreciation of the sport and the newsletters which cover it. Long story short, while I thought the 10/19 Raw contained some sick and some amusing moments, I also felt a small chill run up my spine, as I knew that a lot of our school's kids watch Raw most Monday nights and, to be honest, when Austin was wielding the weapons, I could not help but think of many of my students who truly idolize Austin, and who, no doubt, were up watching him torture and make McMahon pee his pants instead of them doing the homework I'd assigned them about the Fall of the Roman Empire, no less. (Jeez!)

Anyway, the flyers got printed and distributed and come lunchtime I've got 85 to 90 mutant ninja middle school boys and girls (about 15% of our school's population) crowded into my classroom where I let them debate what they saw on Raw, with me at the end essentially telling them that behavior like Austin's on 10/19, at our school, is not appropriate and that since their parents obviously don't care or don't know what they are watching, they needed to hear from at least one adult, especially an adult who watches pro wrestling, that what they saw on TV the night before was total crap and not the kind of behavior kids should be emulating. (For the record, nobody boo'd or threw loaded milk cartons at me and when the meeting ended, half of the kids actually said thanks and many wondered if we were going to meet again the following week. I said I certainly hoped not.)

Hey, gang. Hope you got a few chuckles outta the satires (with apologies to Dave Meltzer and Wade Keller who still make graps even more fun than it sometimes should be.) It was funny, in the wake of Jesse Ventura's victory, seeing so many mainstream sports reporters, TV spin doctors, and regular newspaper columnists tying pro wrestling into their commentary and/or humor. Murry Frymer in his 11/7 tongue-in-cheek column in The San Jose Mercury News said, "When a pro wrestler can run on a platform of truth and honesty, you know he has the chutzpah to win. Politicians have been faking sincerity for centuries to little avail. But an honest wrestler? Hey, who can disbelieve that?" Yeah, right, Murry. I'm tempted to send Murry a tape of the 10/19 Raw and free subscriptions to the half-dozen wrestling newsletters I still receive and see what he thinks about pro wrestlers and honesty (and pro wrestling morals) after he's read a few copies. Enjoy the honeymoon, Jesse... 'Til whenever. --JDM

Four-pages of 'irregular' grappling fun still only 50¢

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